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Keep Yourself 100% Well for Your Job; Petty Ills of Women—How to Avoid Them

DR. KRISTINE MANN SAYS 75% OF HEADACHES, COLDS, INDIGESTION CAN BE AVOIDED—SHE GIVES RULES

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

IF you are The Girl with a Job, how many days have you lost this year because of headache, toothache, backache, cold in the head, attack of indigestion or some other non-dangerous but uncomfortable ailment?

If you are The Employer of The Girl with a Job, how often have you sighed in mingled exasperation and pity over the absence for a day or half-day of your cleverest stenographer or your telephone operator?

One of the as yet unsolved problems of the self-supporting woman is the handicap of uncertain health which makes her lose more time from her work than she or her employer can afford, and which causes deterioration in the quality of work performed when she is not registering 100 per cent. physically. The problem is receiving the interested attention of the International Conference of Women Physicians now meeting at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters, No. 600 Lexington Avenue. And it is from one of the delegates and speakers, Dr. Kristine Mann, that I obtained this reassuring statement as to the removal of the girl worker's health handicap:

"Seventy-five per cent. of the petty illnesses and disabilities of the young woman who works can be eliminated. By that I mean three-fourths of the colds, headaches, digestive troubles and similar complaints which harass women workers and lessen their efficiency can be prevented absolutely."

Dr. Mann has had special opportunities for the study of the physical make-up of modern girls, for she has

DR. KRISTINE MANN.

examined thousands of them in her work as Medical Director of the Department Store Education Association and of New York's Health Clinic for Industrial Women, as conductor of gymnastic classes, and, most recently, as Director of the Civilian Workers' Branch of the Ordnance Department of the United States. Then, too, as instructor and lecturer on hygiene at Smith and Wellesley Colleges she has had a chance to observe the physical development of the college girl.

"I believe," Dr. Mann told me, "that the greatest problem confronting us to-day is the health of our young women. It is perfectly true, as the physical examinations during the draft proved, that many of the physical handicaps from which our girls are suffering also are borne by our young men. But I think health is a more important thing for a woman than for a man. She is the mother of the race, and on her physical fitness the health of the next generation largely depends."

Then Dr. Mann gave me some figures illustrating the physical defects of one large group of industrial women. "Twenty per cent. of this group have been found to need eyeglasses," she said. "Thirty-five per cent. should have their teeth attended to. Sixty-five per cent. are suffering from digestive troubles. Eighty-five per cent. have something wrong with their backs. There are only from eight to fifteen girls in every hundred who have flat, straight, normal backs.

"And, while the college girls, as a rule, have had their eyes and teeth looked after more carefully than is the case with the industrial girls, the college girls are far from perfect physically. Their nervous systems often are not normal, with resultant insomnia and other troubles. They suffer from digestive complaints, due to improperly adjusted nourishment.

"Both college and industrial girls are SOFT," Dr. Mann added, with emphasis. "Muscularly they are undeveloped, because they are overcivilized. Dr. Augusta Rucker was right when she said that in certain respects the Stone Age was a healthier age for women than the present. From childhood our girls have too little systematic exercise of the right sort, and in consequence their muscles are not strong enough.

"The self-supporting woman often fails to do anything to correct this tendency. She rides to her work, instead of walking to it. When she has time for recreation she goes into a moving picture house instead of a swimming pool."

I had been listening to all this most appreciatively, because I happen to be the only woman of my acquaintance possessed of 100 per cent. health. I have long believed that the physical flaws and weak spots in the average self-supporting woman do more to limit her success than any man-made injustice of law or practice.

"How," I immediately inquired of Dr. Mann, "can 75 per cent. of these flaws be corrected, as you have asserted?"

Here is her prescription:

"One of the first and most important steps in making a girl worker well instead of half-well is fitting her to a job she can perform, a job which does not bore her and for which her physical strength is adequate. Then she ought not to work more than eight hours; I think even nine hours too long a day. The trouble with long hours of labor for young women is not the immediate effect on them of the labor itself but the after-effect. They come out of shop or office too exhausted to make proper use of their hours of freedom. They ought not to stop work so tired that they are disinclined for some form of sport or healthy recreation.

"Undernourishment and improper nourishment are responsible for many of the minor ailments of the woman who works and for her lack of proper vigor. In this connection, I consider that a minimum wage for her is a necessity. It would differ according to the cost of living in her locality, but it should always be large enough to enable her to live, eat and dress healthfully.

"For girls properly fed and not improperly worked the great hygienic essential is suitable recreation and exercise. The communities ought to provide municipal gymnasiums and room for outdoor sports for their employed women. And the women ought to be taught by a continuous propaganda to play healthfully and happily.

"As I see it, the responsibility for the health of the self-supporting woman is triple," concluded Dr. Mann. "It rests on the employer to provide suitable working conditions, hours and the adjustment of the worker to the job; on the employee to keep her personal hygiene up to a high standard; and on the community to safeguard housing and recreational facilities, to make physical fitness a definite ideal possible of attainment. The community, as well as the woman, will be the gainer when perfect physical well-being is the rule and not the exception. Why not a great national drive, with the health of our young women as its goal?"

GETTING PLENTY OF EXERCISE.

"WHAT you need is more exercise."

"More exercise, doctor! Why, man, I still take 102 strokes when I play a round of golf."—Detroit Free Press.

POORLY TRAINED.

CALLER—Can I see Mrs. Swelton?

Maid—She's not at home.

Caller—When will she be back?

Maid — Dunno. She ain't gone out yet.—Boston Transcript.

Fashions Forecast of Winter's Styles

ATTRACTIVE SUIT AND MODISH STREET FROCK FOR YOUR SEASON'S WARDROBE

"Millie" and "Hattie," the Millionaire Milliners

By Neal R. O'Hara.

THIS is the age of brains, and folks that get paid most for their headwork are milliners.

Once in a while the linotyper makes a mistake and calls 'em millionaires. Mistake ain't so great as it seems. Not after you've bought your wife's fall hat.

Milliners have two openings, fall and spring. Jane that goes into an opening takes a chance—she's liable to be held up. Milliners hold openings to display the styles. Millies figure the girls will spring at 'em in the spring and fall for 'em in the fall.

When a hub and his wife go into a hat joint, wife looks at the hats while hub looks at the price tags. Hub finds in the game of tag he's It. Guy at the corner drug store will sell an icebag for forty cents. But a millie can call it the latest thing in tam-o'-shanters and sell it for forty dollars. Millie is the only person in the world that can stretch ten cents' worth of burlap on five cents' worth of wire and sell it for fifteen dollars' worth of hat.

Millies don't spend much time trying to think up new styles—that's foolish. There's nothing new under the sun except a jazz dance now and then. All the Hatties have to do is change the shape or shift the colors, and the gals come flocking in. Sometimes the crown comes lower, but the price never does.

Jane will go in to buy a helmet. Picks out a velour lid for $30. Millie tells her it's all velvet. Gal thinks she means the hat, but the millie means the profit. Only thing to a hat is the wire skeleton and what covers the remains. Call the skeleton a frame in a picture hat. Millie takes a wire skeleton, buries it in a jumble of ribbons and sells it for the price of a runabout.

If you think the meat trust soaks you for fowl, you want to see what the milliners do. A pheasant that costs three dollars a pound, f. o. b. Chicago, is five dollars an inch in a milliner's parlor. Don't take long to discover that a bird in the hat is worth two in cold storage. Millies make the Beef Trust look like the Salvation Army.

If you think a magician's slick, you want to watch a millie. Magician says a few magic words and pulls rabbits, ducks and squirrels out of a hat. Milliner works the other way. Puts a few rabbits, ducks and squirrels into a hat and says a few magic words. Words generally sound like "Eighty dollars."

Fuss and feathers are the backbone of the millinery biz. Customers provide the fuss and millies furnish the feathers. Can't blame peacocks for being proud when they find what their feathers cost. And an ostrich sticks its head in the sand because it lacks nerve to look the customers in the face. That's how they get ostrich feathers for women's hats—by picking 'em out of the bird's tail while it's playing hide and seek with the desert. Simply a case of tails lose, heads win.

Indians first started wearing feathers. Redskins picked their own plumes. Gals pick their own hats today, but that's all. Price of hats was what made the Indians wild.

Tough job learning the millinery business. Takes time and patience, same as counterfeiting. Apprentice learns to trim hats, then customers. It's a feather in the apprentice's hat every time she sells a customer. When she gets enough feathers in her cap, apprentice goes and opens her own parlor.

Best part of the hat biz is that it's an open season the year round. Latest style is like the latest election extra—good for half an hour. Hats are made to wear out and that's what they do—wear out fast. Only thing that goes through a hat quicker than a woman is a hatpin.

Millies don't have to worry so long as half the human race is made up of women. And the other half is men to pay the bills. Only thing that can possibly hit the hat biz is a shortage of beans.

Should be a boom in the lid crop when the janes go into politics. When the gals start throwing their hats in the ring campaign expenses are gonna jump. A hat in the ring means somebody's gonna get a trimming. It's the guy that pays for the hat.

Yes, mates, if there's one thing that's never in low gear, it's headgear. If there's one place a guy'll get stuck, it's a millinery parlor. It was one of those places that's referred to in that stinging sentence—"Won't you come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.

Carefully burnished condensed milk cans and Bovril bottles formed "currency" for the troops operating in Portuguese East Africa. The empty milk cans were highly esteemed by native belles for necklaces.

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Sheriff Seth Bullock, "Last of the Pioneers," Was Real "Westerner"

Death Yesterday Ended Remarkable Career of Real Man Whose Rugged Character Won the Friendship of a President, and Whose Thrilling Adventures With Outlaws and Indians Would Make a Stirring Book.

By Lindsay Denison.

ON the prairie near the Missouri River bridge at Chamberlain almost twenty years ago there was at sunrise a round-up circle of Northwestern politicians and cattle and mining men in the first rays after dawn, waiting to see Theodore Roosevelt, who was then Governor of the State of New York and candidate for Vice-President. In the very centre of the circle, acting as informal Chairman, was Seth Bullock. It was the first time any except intimate friends of Roosevelt in the East had seen or heard of Seth Bullock.

As the tenderfeet who accompanied Roosevelt as stenographers, reporters and spellbinders alighted from the train the circle opened to admit them to Bullock's inspection and they were formally introduced. He was gravely courteous in acknowledging the introduction, shifting a rakish black cigar, atilt through his heavy thatch of mustache, from one corner of his sardonic mouth to the other without any touch of his fingers, and bowing slightly. After a moment or two of his eagle glance of apppraisal most of them stepped back behind the line involuntarily. The last to be brought from the train on the siding on which the Roosevelt party had spent the night was a youthful graduate of Yale who wore a straw hat with a lovely blue striped band, a creamy flannel suit and blue socks and was smoking a cigarette.

The old-time Sheriff walked around him without changing his expression. He did not look at the blue hat band, but the young man took the hat off and held it behind him; he did not look at the socks, but the youth wriggled so the hem of his trousers would drop lower over them, and he let the cigarette drop from his lips.

"I am very glad to have seen you, sir," said Seth Bullock, with the dryest of solemn cordiality. "And now, men," he added addressing the crowd, "there's a man from the East back yonder I've been sitting up all night to see and I guess he is up by this time." And he walked back to Roosevelt's car, where he occupied a berth during the rest of the tour.

Seth Bullock was then well over fifty. There were streaks of gray in his mustache, which drooped heavily at the corners of his mouth. His eyebrows were bushier than most men's mustaches. His sharply chiselled nose hooked like an eagle's beak over his thin lipped mouth. His eyes either twinkled or burned; they were never indifferent.

"He's just one of the old-timers," said the politicians. "Teddy likes him, but his kind has passed."

"Seth Bullock," said Roosevelt, when the old man was long enough out of sight to make talk about him comfortable, "is the West in which I came out to live twenty years ago. He is one of the very last of the pioneers. He is clean American of a type which has made the West what it is and which the West—though it does not yet know it—can never afford to forget."

Seth Bullock went from peaceful Michigan to the Black Hills of South Dakota in the gold hunting days of 1879. He was the first Sheriff of the district. When in the mood he had an unending store of wild and woolly anecdotes covering anything from Indian fighting to stage robbery and lynching parties. These rare periods of reminiscence usually followed the appearance in the itinerary of the Roosevelt campaign train of a moss-whiskered, wound-seared veteran of the rough-and-tumble pioneer days who came "down to the railroad track" from fifty to five hundred miles to "get a look at Teddy," and, on encountering Seth Bullock, engaged in a mutual reunion of blisteringly affectionate invective and criminal libel, to the great joy of all privileged to hear.

Of himself the old Sheriff would hardly ever talk. In ten years more or less intimate acquaintance renewed annually in New York, Washington or the Black Hills, the writer can remember but three times when Seth talked about himself. Once was when he told his often published story of the train robbers' attack on the Wells Fargo bullion coach from Deadwood to Cheyenne. He was sitting with the driver, "Wes" when the stage dipped down into the gulch into the black shadows of the moonlight.

"I was uncommonly nervous," he said, "because 'Wes' kept talking about the $65,000 we had on and the chances of being held up. Never did like 'Wes,' anyway. Just as we started down into the gulch he said he guessed if we were to be held up, this was the place. It made me mighty uneasy.

"And, sure enough, just as we got to the bottom a man jumps out from some jack pines with a handkerchief across his face and yells: 'Hold up your hands!' I was just remembering how my grandmother on her dying bed never told me nothing about holding up my hands when a man came at me like that, when the lead mules jack-knifed around to the left, and then jack-knifed back again to the right and started back up the gulch and ran all the way back into Deadwood. We never lost a cent."

He spoke slowly, always with a reminiscent pleasure in his tone, but without any story-teller's affectation. We waited a long time. Then somebody asked.

"But what did the man down in the gulch do? Did he shoot again? What became of him?"

"He didn't do a thing," said Seth, rising with a frown of disapproval. "They sent out and found him next day and buried him. He was dead."

Seth Bullock had a deep knowledge of the Sioux. He spoke of them always with a baffling mixture of appreciation and biting irony. He was particularly fond of heaping praise on Hollow Horn Bear of the Rosebud Sioux, the silver-tongued orator of the nation, whose feather-framed features were imprinted on the $5 bills for many years. Hollow Horn Bear enjoyed these tributes enormously. The writer could never get the joke until after several years he received a telegram from Bullock inviting him to a Deadwood festivity.

"Glorious revival of Indian traditions and history and renewal of ancient customs with unprecedented innovations," it ran. "'Hollow Horn Bear will change his shirt."

For two weeks the writer stealthily tried to stalk himself into a position to start Seth Bullock to writing his autobiography. The nearest we ever came to it was when Seth pointed out a ragged grave on the ridge above Deadwood Gulch and said:

"That's where the Sioux got the minister a week after I got into the hills. We had an awful time getting to him, too. It was one of the toughest funerals I ever saw."

In his later years some of Seth's old mining claims "came true." Roosevelt made him United States Marshal. Taft renewed the appointment after Bullock had painstakingly explained that he was a Roosevelt man first, last and all the time.

The appearances of Capt. Bullock (he was an officer of Grigsby's Third Rough Riders) was always the occasion for Roosevelt to assemble those of his friends who sympathized with his love of the plains and the Rockies.

"Come to lunch," such an invitation would run. "Seth Bullock is to be here and three or four pot-bellied persons from the Senate. I feel that those of us who know Seth will have a good time and what the Senators do not know will not hurt them."

Bullock spent his declining years in a little frame home on a side street in Deadwood looking out on the commercialized spirit of the new West in kindly irony. To the very last the menace of his wrath against evildoers was sufficient to keep the district law-abiding. However much youth and self-sufficiency might murmur against him as a "has-been" he was still the "Law in the Black Hills."